

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

## BEAUTY IN THE BATH.

THE ROLLER RINKS DESERTED FOR A MORE SEASONABLE SPORT.

**Modus Operandi of Teaching a School-Girl the Art of Swimming—First Lessons of the Prussian Army System—Queer Case.**

(Cincinnati Athlete.)  
"Yes," remarked an athletic young man, as he twirled his light mustache and looked complacently at the natty bathing-suit which clothed him from neck to knee, "yes, our young ladies—and gentlemen, too, for that matter—are dropping skate-rollers and getting ready for the salt water rollers to be met with on the beaches at Newport and Old Point Comfort."

The place was a long hall, the door of which had been cut away in the center, the space planked up at the sides and then heavily coated with cement, forming an enormous bath-tub, as it were. The floor of the tub, or basin, sloped so that when full of water at one end it was four feet deep; at the other six or eight. Spring-beams, trapezes, and a shower with a twelve-foot drop extended over the water, and down the sides of the hall were ranged about forty dressing-rooms. Boys of from 12 years of age up to men of 65 were splashing about in the basin, diving from the boards, and swinging from the wings. While the professor talked he kept his eye on the bathers."

He continued: "To give you an idea of the steps taken in teaching the art to women, we will imagine that this boy here is a young woman of say 18 years of age."

The boy was a remarkably lean specimen. His mother would not call him handsome. He wore a triangular piece of striped muslin about his loins, and he was shouting, splashing water, and, in company with a score of companions, doing his best to get 20 cents' worth of fun out of the water before his hour was up.

"Now we will imagine that this young man is a school girl who has come in here for the purpose of learning to swim. It is ladies' day, of course, and no one is present in the building but myself, and a number of lady pupils. The first thing she does is to retire to a dressing-room and put on a bathing suit like this."

The suit was of blue flannel, and consisted of two pieces—a high-cut waist and skirt reaching to the knees in one piece; a pair of loose Knickerbockers the other.

"The suit, as you see, is perfectly modest, and is a facsimile of the more common sea-side costumes. I place a belt about her waist in this fashion. I fasten a short cotton rope to the belt thus. The end of the rope, as you see, is secured to a pole, and with that pole in my hands I walk to the edge of the basin. The young lady wades out into the water until she has reached a sufficient depth, and then when I say 'now,' she lets go and downward upon the water, the rope holding her in that position securely and comfortably as can be. Then I lay one, and the young woman brings her arms around before her head with her hands together; 'two,' the hands are drawn in to the chest and the feet drawn up; 'three,' and the hands are rapidly straightened out, while the feet kick like the feet of a frog in the act of swimming. Those three simple motions are gone through with a number of times in each lesson, and almost before she knows it our young woman can swim."

"This is the system as taught in the Prussian army, and I do not hesitate to say it is the best method of teaching the art that is as yet known. After the lady has attained some little ability, and can thus the motions of her hands and feet so that they come together, I slacken the rope more or less, until in the course of time the pole is dispensed with altogether, and I follow with the end of the line in my hand while the pupil swims from end to end of the basin, through deep and shallow water alike. It is essential that she be taught to swim in water that is 'over head,' as the boys say. Of course it is just as hard to swim in shallow water as in water 100 feet deep; but, all the same, those swimmers who have attained the art in four feet of water can not always swim when they learn there is no accessible bottom under them."

"I had a curious case of that kind last week. A young woman came in from Walnut Hills. She swam about very gracefully in the shallow end of the basin for a time, but when I asked her, 'Why don't you swim up to the other end, where the water is deeper?' she replied, 'I am afraid; I learned to swim in shoal water, and have never been out of depth.'

"I saw that she was fairly expert, so I persuaded her to swim out to the six-foot depth, taking the precaution, however, to fasten the beginner's rope about her waist. Suddenly she threw up her hands and would have gone but for the rope in my hands, which held her up and gently towed her out of the deeper place. She had not fainted and was not cramped in any way, but had merely lost confidence as soon as the thought crossed her mind that she was swimming in deep water."

Captured by the Waiters.

(New York Sun.)

The other day at High Bridge a gentleman, with his wife and little boy, left a table in one of the beer pavilions and started for the door, leaving his cane behind him.

Six waiters seized it and bore it to him in a body.

First (enthusiastically)—You forgot your cane, sir!

Second (triumphantly)—You forgot your cane, sir!

Third (confidentially)—You forgot your cane, sir!

Fourth (artlessly)—You forgot your cane, sir!

Fifth (hopefully)—You forgot your cane, sir!

Sixth (self-assertively)—You forgot your cane, sir!

The unhappy man took the cane regrettably, handed each waiter a quarter, and rejoined his wife timidly.

Wife (threateningly)—How much did you pay them?

Gentleman (despairingly)—Dollar and a half.

Wife (disgustedly)—And the cane cost?

Gentleman (gloomily)—Fifteen cents.

## DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Larkin Briscoe was fined \$10 by the county judge Thursday morning on a charge of gambling.

A phaeton belonging to Mr. Jas. Kenaird collided with a buggy on Main street Tuesday morning when a wheel of the vehicle first alluded was destroyed.

Mollie Godby and Fannie Merrimy confessed judgement Wednesday morning before the police court on a charge of lewd conduct and associations and were fined \$5 each.

A Cincinnati Commercial evangelist, whose "entitlement" is Mr. Hukill, sent J. C. Masonheimer, the grocer, postal card, on Wednesday on which was the following: "If it don't snow I'll visit you about Friday. Don't meet me at the depot with a brass band."

Mr. J. H. Mitchell, of the West End and Mrs. George Ann Wilshire, were married Wednesday evening by Eld. S. W. Crutcher and on Thursday morning the fair and blushing bride was arraigned before the county judge for keeping a house of ill-shape and was fined \$50 and costs.

Dr. E. W. Dunlap is lying very ill with heart disease at the residence of his sister, Mrs. K. R. Jones. His friends have no hope of his recovery and but a faint one that he will ever leave his bed alive. Nearly all his children are here. Mrs. J. S. Van Winkle and her sister, Miss Bettie Dillon, have returned from a visit to Keokuk, Iowa.

Wakefield & Hudon bought of Sam Johnson, of Garrard, a 6 year-old mare mule 15 hands at \$160. From Jas. Hill of same county a nice driving horse at \$130. Same firm sold Wednesday to Alford, Bettis & Co., New Orleans, 20 extra nice broke mules averaging 16 hands 1 inch, the pick out of 40, head at \$220 each. Same New Orleans firm bought of H. Headly 40 head green 15 hands mules at \$167. From Nims Buster 14 head saw a class mules at same price.

Victor Bovy has completed the smallest working revolver ever made. It is 1½ inches long, weighs less than half an ounce, and carries well enough to break a pane of glass 44 feet away.

## LIFE.

(Clare Beatrice Coffey in Inter Ocean.) To strive, to fail, to lose,  
To struggle for some tantalizing prize,  
To chase the phantom that forsoothies flies.  
To fight, and beaten back  
See others without effort gain the steep,  
To long the unattainable to grasp,  
To love, to hate, to weep.

To strike our fellow man;  
To help the rabbble, and hiss and jeer;  
To know the depths of desolation's cup,  
To hope to trust, to fear;  
To look with envious eyes  
When loudly pearly grand triumphal song;

To pray, to watch, to trust,  
To plead for strength, beseeching heavenly aid;

To falter in our faith when sharply falls  
The shadow of our own shoulders laid;

To sink beneath the cross,  
To dare a battle of unceasing strife,  
To give at last to death our joys and woes,  
Thus ends the chapter of a human life.

## DIPHTHERIA AND CROUP CURE.

Details of a Dangerous Case—Something Which Is Worth Trying.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

In a report to the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Delteil stated that the vapors of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous exhalations which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. He describes the process thus:

"Take equal parts (say two tablespoonfuls) of turpentine and liquid tar, put them into a tin pan or cup and set fire to the mixture, taking care to have a large pan under it as safeguard against fire. A dense smoke arises, making the room dark. The patient immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and the rattling stop; the patient falls into a slumber and soon into that of a peaceful sleep. The fibrinous membranes soon become detached, and the patient coughs up microbodies. These when caught in a glass may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three or four days the patient entirely recovers."

The above information has been quite largely copied into the papers, and with it the relief and cure of Ruth Lockwood, a 9-year-old child, who was dangerously sick with diphtheria, but the disease readily yielded to the above mode of treatment, and the child was cured. A case occurring in Boston recently is worthy of note at this particular time, when the two forms of disease are quite prevalent. The facts in the case, in brief, are as follows:

Jennie Brown, a child of some 5 years of age, was dangerously sick with diphtheria; her attending physician had no hopes of her recovery; he declared to a person that out of the many cases under his treatment there were beyond cure, and little Jennie was one of that number. The father of the child had read of the above treatment, and the child was cured. A case occurring in Boston recently is worthy of note at this particular time, when the two forms of disease are quite prevalent. The facts in the case, in brief, are as follows:

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., July 24, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

We trust no democrat will be deceived into voting for Judge Fox by his specious pleas. Pretending to be a democrat he parades as a prohibitionist, while his candidacy is almost in the sole interest of the republican party, which has given him its virtual endorsement and any decrease in the regular democratic majority will be heralded as a gain for it: Were it a fair stand up fight on a prohibition issue alone, Judge Fox would poll only a few thousand votes, but by an alliance with the republicans he hopes to poll a numerically respectable vote, though he has not the slightest idea that he can do more than decrease Mr. Tate's majority. Some dissatisfaction is expressed in certain quarters in regard to the manner of the nomination of the latter gentleman, but this has been inspired more by a desire to find fault than any good reason. True he was nominated by the central and executive committees, but they had the right, supported by precedent, to do so when there were no other candidates and there was but one state officer to be nominated. It was the easiest, less costly and the best way under the circumstances and the committee should be praised, not blamed for their action. The nominee, Mr. James W. Tate, is a tried and true democrat and is as much the nominee as if the whole party had declared him so and it is the duty of every democrat to go to the polls and vote for him. We must not allow republicans and prohibition trickery to reduce our majority in the State the first year of the national democratic administration. Let every democrat therefore vote for Tate and put the seal of condemnation on a so-called democrat, who permits himself to be used to its destruction by consorting and combining with the enemy.

The trial of Craig Tolliver and eight others, for murder most foul, has ended at Morehead in a disagreement of the magistrates, which according to the law, released the defendants. It is said that the magistrate who decided against law and order, went on the bench with his mind made up and not to be changed by evidence, to release the murderers and great indignation is felt towards him by the peace loving citizens. It is a great pity that the State troops should have been forced to the scene to assist in such a farce, but the laws are defective and demand to be changed. Attorney General Hardin is deserving of the warmest praise for the masterly manner in which he prosecuted the offenders, but even his strong arguments could not affect a court with its mind fully made up to acquit. The troops will now return home, but it is not their fault that they have accomplished nothing. It is some consolation to know however that Tolliver was not permitted to enjoy his ill gotten freedom, for immediately upon his discharge he was arrested on a requisition from Ohio, where he is wanted for robbery. It is also said that he killed a man in effecting it. He was lodged in jail against the strong protests of his friends and Wednesday taken in irons and chained to his seat at the scene of his crime, where it is hoped the law will be enforced against him.

It is not certain that the democrats will have a majority in both branches of congress during Mr. Cleveland's term of office. The question is decided against them for the present Congress, for though they have a majority of 39 in the House, the defeat of Morrison by Logan in Illinois places them in a minority of eight in the Senate. This is inconvenient for the Administration for it can neither enact nor repeal laws, or obtain the confirmation of its appointments without the consent of its opponents. This will be the situation, with no hope of change, through the first two years of the democratic administration. The terms of nine democratic and sixteen republican Senators expire with the present Congress, but the democrats will have to elect a successor to each of the nine and gain five from the republicans to secure a majority. The N. Y. Sun says: 'The situation is not perfectly assuring to the democrats, but a victory for them in both branches of the next Congress is by no means out of the question. If they would win, they must strike home, and some of their best blows must be dealt this fall, when parts of several State Legislatures are to be chosen which will elect some of the twenty-five new Senators.'

If Kentucky had a Court of Appeals like Michigan, which does not search for technicalities and loop holes to free law breakers from penalties imposed by the lower courts, the reign of lawlessness which now disgraces the State would soon come to a full stop. Up in Michigan a couple of three card monte men were tried for swindling a victim and convicted of larceny. The case was appealed but the Judge promptly ruled as follows and we commend it to our court at Frankfort for its future guidance: 'We do not think it profitable to draw oweenies metaphysical distinctions to save thieves from punishment. If rogues conspire to get away a man's money by such tricks as those which are played here, it is not going beyond the settled rules of law to hold that the fraud amounts to stealing.'

THE only really sensible interview we ever had from Joe Blackburn appeared in the Louisville Commercial, but he knocked all the fat in the fire by denying that he used the language attributed to him. He ought to have let that one stand and denied the many silly ones charged to him.

### DEATH OF GEN. GRANT.

Gen. U. S. Grant, the great soldier, has surrendered at last to the grim destroyer, his death occurring yesterday morning at 8 o'clock at Mt. McGregor. The Louisville Times in referring to his approaching death paid the general this deserved eulogy: "He has rounded out his days, and death, whatever may have been its terrors in the past, will be welcomed now by the suffering man, who has felt his life slipping surely and painfully away during the tedious months of his illness. Throughout the Union, South as well as North, the sense of sadness at his going will be tempered by the reflection that his speechless agony is at an end; that the suffering and sorrows of his declining days can disturb him no more. His life-work done, his career ended, he sinks into the rest of the grave at a time when he has more true friends than at any other period of his life. God rest his soul in peace."

THE Frankfort Yeoman is conducted by gentlemen of known honor and integrity, who could not be bought or driven into making a false statement concerning the State debt. We shall therefore accept its figures in preference to the Louisville Commercial's, Col. Morrow's or those from any other republican source. These latter went in to discover a mare's nest and intended to cackle whether they did or not. If the Commercial would look at the facts as they stand and not through its republican goggles everything democratic would not look so intensely blue to it.

The democratic ticket is James W. Tate for State Treasurer and Maj. F. D. Rigney for Senator. But when you vote this your duty is only half done. See that you are recorded "for calling a constitutional convention, yes."

We have a long explanatory letter from Judge W. M. Beckner, received yesterday too late for this issue. He is after us about some comments on his Berea speech and we will give him space in our Tuesday's paper.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The town of Skidmore, Mo., burned.

Loss, \$100,000.

Judge William Lindsay says he is a candidate for the U. S. Senate to succeed Mr. Beck.

Hon. J. A. Munday, of Owensboro, has been appointed Special Agent for the General Land Office.

A. C. Quisenberry, an old and deserving newspaper man, is to be a deputy under Collector Robinson, we are glad to learn.

Judge R. A. Burton, of Marion county, has been appointed a Deputy Collector by Collector Attila Cox, and will assume the duties of his office on August 1.

During the year ending June 30, 387, 821 immigrants arrived in the United States, being 122,013 less than the immigration during the preceding fiscal year.

In the United States there are 24 corn starch factories. They make 250,000,000 pounds of starch per year, of which 190,000,000 pounds are used in this country.

The King of Dahomey has recently captured and massacred almost 1,000 French residents of his realm. The unfortunate will be barbecued for a national feast.

A German farmer living near Bloomington, Ill., indignant at his wife for suing for a divorce, drove all his stock into his barn and set fire to it, perishing in the flames himself.

Judge M. C. Alford has resigned as Judge of the Lexington Police Court to make the race for State Senate and Col. Mat Walton is announced for the vacancy with no opposition.

At Bedford, Ia., Ida Kimball, a beautiful child, aged fifteen, the daughter of a leading business man, shot and killed W. T. Giles, a prominent music dealer. She claims that Giles seduced her.

"Ex-Rebel Brigadier" Mahone is complimented by a correspondent as a skillful and graceful dancer, but he will have to bop around pretty lively if he expects to elect his ticket, or any part in, the coming Virginia election.

Barnum's big elephant, "Albert," was killed in the presence of 2,000 spectators at Keene, N. H. He had killed his keeper, and was taken to a woods, chained to a tree, and shot by thirty-three members of the Keene Light Guard.

Mr. Smith, the widow of Pete Strickline, who was murdered by Floyd Williams, had her trial at the special term of the Wolfe county court, charged with complicity in the murder of her husband, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for nine years.

The democrats and republicans of Rowan county, desirous of a peaceful solution of the troubles which so long distract the public peace of that county, have nominated a fusion ticket for county officers, a republican for sheriff, and a democrat for his deputy.

The new Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Stevenson, is making things lively in his department. Mr. Hay used to grid out about fifteen new democratic postmasters per day. The new man is said to create from fifty to a hundred every twenty-four hours.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville Times telegraphs that the President has appointed 450 postmasters to date, leaving 1,783 to be named. There are about 51,000 fourth-class postmasters appointed by the Postmaster General. Of this number 3,500 have been filled by democrats since March 4.

Judge Leslie, at Greensburg, issued an order that all parties entering the court should be searched. In consequence of this two men were found with pistols in their pockets. One was placed under bond and the other sent to jail. Mike Rogers, shot by the Edwards party on Monday, was alive at last accounts, but not expected to live.

### GEO. O. BARNES.

A Visit to the Vatican, the Wonder of Wonders.

### ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, June 16th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

It is impossible to write down the deep impression made by the largest if not handsomest church on the planet. We walked under the towering immensity of the grand dome, and nave and aisle, amazed and still wondering the more the longer we looked, and that is all I can say, except to put down a few items, well known to travelers and in all the guide books. How the original church was erected by the Emperor Constantine on the site of the circus of Nero, where St. Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom. Of course Protestants will protest to the end of time, that St. Peter was never in Rome at all, and Romanists will aver that he was and that his remains are now under the great dome of this great cathedral. I decline to take sides, except to say that while I was in St. Peters, I heartily wished the catholics might be right and half believed they were. But the wish was doubtless father to the thought."

Well, this has been a sacred spot for many centuries. In the year 800 Charlemagne was crowned emperor here and since then, many potentates have been invested with royal authority by many Popes, and the round slab of porphyry on which they stood to be crowned by the head of the Romish church, is still close to the great central door on the present pavement.

A church 1,500 years old is a very venerable relic, and I do not envy the sectarian bigotry that can despise St. Peter.

As is well known, in 1,450 Nicholas V., one of the architecturally inclined among the "Holy Fathers," determined to reconstruct the old basilica on a grand scale; but died when the walls were only a few feet high. His successors having other things on hand, 50 years passed before the work was resumed, under Julius II.

I had always thought Michael Angelo planned St. Peters. But he only carried out another plan. Bramante, of whom I never heard till I went to Rome, was the architect, and in accordance with his plan the foundation stone was laid in 1506; but he did not live long after that and his plan was not carried out by those who were entrusted with the work. Various tinkerers patched away at it, until in 1546, to his everlasting honor, Michael Angelo, getting control, rescued Bramante's mutilated plan and proceeded to carry it out. He made a lasting monument to himself in the glorious dome, that he only lived to finish the drum of, but left behind him models and drawings from which inferior hands could carry out what the master head and hand designed. But again tinkerers came to the front and marred the majestic simplicity of the original plan, and hid the grand dome by a long projecting nave, contrary to the design of Bramante and Michael Angelo. The effect they intended the dome to produce can not now be appreciated except from a considerable distance. So architects say. I don't know anything about it. I believe them of course, and the guide books; but I must say that I was so paralyzed with surprise and wonder and delight at the grandeur and beauty still left, that I would never have discovered all these blunders if I had not been told about them. Nor did I see them, even after being apprised of the fact in the case. The fact is I went to enjoy St. Peters and not to get into a controversy over orders of architecture. So I did enjoy it, and was not rashed in mind at all by the mistakes that Popes planned and architects carried out.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

the only monument of the kind at Rome, which has never been overthrown. Magnificent fountains 45 feet in height, stand on either side of the Obelisk. Altogether the approach is worthy of the incomparable structure it adorns.

To the right, at the end of the colonnades, is the brazen gate or entrance to the Vatican, where we went another day.

ROME, Monday, Feb. 23d.—To-day we visited the Vatican! Wonder of wonders! Wealth of master pieces! Treasures untold of art and science! Who can describe this city of a palace; with its 20 courts and 11,000 halls, chapels, saloons and private apartments; and 200 stairways, and—and—and? The famous "Sain guard" keeps watch over the fading grandeur of the papacy. A detachment is always on duty at the brazen gate entrance, with gorgeous uniforms, covered with an outer coat, but if you get one of them to go into the guard room he will uncover and allow you to admire the artistic clothing devised by Michael Angelo. It is exquisitely gorgeous. The flashing crimson livery of the palace servants that you meet with again and again as you make the rounds, is of his design also. These twin children of his taste are in perfect keeping with the noble surroundings of the Vatican. The Sistine Chapel with ceiling and altar-wall wholly painted by his cunning hand is the first thing one is shown after the grand stairway has been mounted and admired—the Scala Regia: And right "royal" stairs they are and quite worthy of being the entrance to the largest palace in the world.

Then, in dazzling and bewildering turn one passes through room after room, wholly adorned by Raphael, by Angelo, by Guido, by the first masters of many ages; on to the room where the peerless and priceless "transfiguration" of Raphael, is mounted on its separate easel; on through suites of apartments crowded with rare works of art, the Apollo Belvedere; the Mercury Belvedere, the 3 master pieces of Canova, his Boxer, Wrestler and Perseus with Medusa's head; on to the great Library, down whose corridor vista we looked till a man turned to a boy at the further end: All these passed like a panorama before our wondering eyes, leaving us half stupefied with amazement when we got to the end.

The Pope's carriages are worthy of mention; three in number; with the astounding harness for the horses, hanging on racks beside them. Ponderous, gorgeous and gilded—throwing quite into the shade the hitherto unapproachable grandeur of our own Lord Mayor's "goaled coach"—never to emerge again, for comparison with the vehicles of "His Holiness." There were the "1st Gals," "medium Gals" and "ordinary"—ordered out as the occasion required extra display or a simple airing; but the papacy is under a cloud and "the church" sits widowed in the Vatican now, in the person of her reputed Head. The Pope goes out in state no more. His carriages have not turned a wheel since '70, his horses rattle their halter chains idly in the grand stable, he never leaves his palace now, nor goes to mass at St. Peters; nor does anything the old Popes did in public nor will he till his "temporal authority" is restored and his "rifled" civil "sovereignty" is given back. Let us hope the carriages will never be thus used again, and that the "Holy Father" will stick to what was good enough for St. Peter and St. Paul—ecclesiastical privilege and right.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

### MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

The dry weather is making the corn turn yellow.

Geo. Doll, a popular boot and shoe drummer was in town yesterday. Wm. M. Weber, of Knoxville, Tenn., is visiting at this place.

The day of the election draweth nigh, but there is not much excitement this time. We think everything will go off quietly and without much noise.

For the next four weeks things will be lively at this place. The Teacher's Institute will begin next Monday and hold for five days. Then the election and on the 15th day following that circuit court will convene. The indications are that the dockets for this term of court will be very light.

We have not heard of any one applying for the position of "correspondent for the INTERIOR JOURNAL" from this place. Perhaps they think it would be too hard work to write news for so new a paper. We are ready and willing to relinquish our position to any one who will undertake to do better than we have tried to do, and who will suit the editor. Hope all will not speak at once. (You suit us O. K. when you write, but you do not write often enough. Ed.)

One hundred and thirty-five convicts were sent from the Kentucky Penitentiary yesterday, to work in the coal mines in Western Kentucky.

Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chetwynd have had aistic encounter, growing out of the attention each was paying to Mrs. Langtry.

O. D. Brown, who killed the town marshal of Versailles several years ago, was given 14 years in the penitentiary Wednesday. We hope he will have to serve it.

In accordance with the advice of Gen. Sheridan, the Secretary of the Interior has decided to turn over to the War Department the complete control of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation in the Indian Territory.

Out of twenty-eight infected cattle in Mr. Joseph Bond's herd in Scott county, nine died and nineteen were slaughtered Saturday evening. The spread of the disease has therefore been stopped in its incipiency.

At Summerside, Ky., two attachés of Wallace & Co.'s circus became involved in a row with Wm Grimesley. One of the men kicked Grimesley, who retaliated by stabbing and killing his assailant. Another showman took up the fight, but was dispatched by the knife of White, a friend of Grimesley's.

## To Our Friends & Patrons:

Beginning with July 1, 1885, we announce our third year's business in Stanford. Our trade has been far beyond our expectations; a gradual increase month after month. We take this opportunity of thanking you for your very liberal patronage and assure that in our various branches our motto shall be "The Best Goods for the Least Money." Again thanking you for favors, we hope to see all of old customers and many new ones in the coming year.

Respectfully,

## BRIGHT & CURRAN.

## W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cedar Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Irons, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

## THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF

## TAYLOR BROS.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large and well selected stock of CHOICE

## FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be

at all times to supply every want in our line.

## OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete. Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobacco. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage.

TAYLOR BROTHERS.

## Penny & M'Alister

PH

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., . . . July 24, 1885

## L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	1239 P. M.
" " South	10 P. M.
" " South	1 32 A. M.
" " North	2 05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster

## LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Bourne's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it your money will be refunded.

## PERSONAL.

—PROF. JAMES RICE, of Crab Orchard was in to see us yesterday.

—MRS. WILL BURTON, who has been quite ill, is somewhat better.

—MISS ELLA RAMSEY went up to Mt. Vernon yesterday to visit relatives.

—MR. C. R. ANDERSON, an enterprising Danville merchant, was here, Wednesday.

—MISS ANNIE MCKINNEY is spending a few weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. Givens.

—MRS. S. S. MYERS and Miss Mary Myers are attending the High Bridge Camp Meeting.

—MR. AND MRS. GEORGE H. BRUCE who have been staying at Estill Springs, returned yesterday.

—MISS LIZZIE BURNS, a very handsome lady from Buffalo, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. S. A. Irvine.

—MR. J. A. MIDDOUR, of Waynesboro, Pa., was here yesterday in the interest of the Geiser Manufactury.

—SEVERAL persons contemplate going from here on the Old Point excursion, which leaves by the K. C. July 27th.

—MISS ADA SHUCK, of Lebanon, passed up to Dripping Springs yesterday to be joined Monday by her friend, Miss Lettie Helm.

JUDGE M. C. SAUFLEY is in Wayne making speeches for his kinsman, Judge W. S. Stone, democratic candidate for the State Senate.

—MISS BELLE TYREE, of Stanford, spent several days with Misses Mattie and Lula Parrish and other friends in the country. [Richmond Herald.

—MRS. GEORGE CRAWFORD and Mr. N. G. Crawford, of Louisville, are at Hale's Well for a couple of weeks. They are brother and sister of Mrs. A. S. Moffett, who is also there.

—MRS. WILLIAM DUKE, of Boyle, is an applicant for the College here and she and the Col. were up Tuesday. Mrs. Duke is said to be a very accomplished lady, with some experience in teaching.

—MR. AND MRS. DAVID LOGAN and Mrs. Sarah Jane Perrin returned to their homes in Missouri yesterday, greatly to the regret of their relations and friends. Miss Rhoda Lunsford accompanied them.

—MISS LUCY TATE, of Stanford, who had been visiting friends in this county, left on Monday. Mrs. R. W. Lillard and daughter, Miss Sadie, left Friday for Crab Orchard and Dripping Springs. [Lebanon Standard.

—SENATOR J. H. BRUCE still remains at the point of death. Wednesday morning he professed religion under the ministration of Rev. Goodloe, of Lancaster, but delirium coming on shortly afterwards his ravings were terrible to witness.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

Five hundred seasoned oak posts and 200,000 poplar shingles for sale by George D. Wearen, Agent.

THE K. C. sells round trip tickets to Estill Springs, good till September 30th, at \$3.00 and to Blue Lick at \$5.10.

B. K. WEAREN has employed a first-class upholsterer and those needing his services should apply at once as his engagement is only for a short time.

BRIGHT & CURRAN cut loose on coal. Any coal in the association delivered in town by the car at 10c or 9c on the track. The best Jellico coal at 11c delivered, 10c on track.

F. F. BOBBITT being engaged as a counsel in the Chappell murder case will not speak at Milledgeville Friday 24th, but will speak at Hustonville 25th and to-night at Bright's School House.

THE good temples and Sunday-school people of the Halls Gap neighborhood will give a grand temperance picnic at that place on Saturday, July 25th. The public are cordially invited to attend. The grounds are opposite Mr. Thos. D. Hill's.

BESIDES the fine animals and articles to be exhibited at the Hustonville Fair, there will be side attractions that can not fail to amuse any class of spectators. Balloon ascentions, rope walking and in fact a veritable circus can all be seen for the price of one admission. The crowd bids fair to be the largest ever there.

JAILED.—John Marcus and his two daughters, Lucy and Elbradie, came to town yesterday and swore out warrants against Ed. Johnson, Sam Embry, Allen Hansford and two other as mean negroes, charging them with pursuing the girls for base purposes. The three named were arrested and are now in jail awaiting an examination at 9 o'clock this morning. The girls say the negroes ran after them cursing and hollering, but used no vulgar language.

FIVE Shares of Farmers National Bank Stock for sale. Apply at the Bank.

THE trial of Chappell for killing Jones was set for to-day instead of yesterday as stated.

FOR RENT.—A desirable office in Lawyer's Row, on Lancaster street. W. P. Walker.

BRICK.—Two hundred and fifty thousand, hard and well-burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

SIXTEEN dogs have already been killed by Marshal Newland under the proclamation prohibiting them from running at large except they are muzzled. Let the good work proceed.

LOCAL Option is again to be voted on at Richmond and the Herald is making a noble fight in favor of its adoption. It is said that the whisky men will spend \$10,000 to defeat it.

LECTURES.—Mrs. C. S. Nield will deliver free Temperance lectures at the Presbyterian church Sunday night next at 8 o'clock and Monday night at same hour. The lectures are in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Mrs. Nield hopes to secure a society here.

THE Lavinia Shannon Troupe will play at Hustonville the three nights of the Fair at Yowell Hall. No better artists than Miss Shannon and Mr. Giles Shine come to this section and they give an entertainment first-class in every particular. Our West End friends should give them a liberal patronage.

THE intensely hot weather has had a very depressing effect on all kinds of business. The thermometer has registered as high as 100°, but we have heard of no one seriously affected by the heat. Eight persons died from its effects in Louisville in one day and the mortality in other cities was even greater.

ONE of the many attractions at the Hustonville Fair will be a balloon ascension on the first day by "the heroine of the 19th century," Mile LeBirch, who will make her flight to the clouds on a single trapeze bar, on which she will give a darting performance as the "City of Berlin" rises in the air. It will be worth going many miles to see.

THESE clever railroad officials, Mr. Frank Harris and S. Irvine, have arranged to run a private coach from here Saturday afternoon to the High Bridge Camp Meeting to return that night, and have invited a number of their friends to accompany them. It will be a very delightful trip and their guests are anticipating it with much pleasure.

GROUND was broke on the Chesapeake & Nashville Wednesday at Gallatin, accompanied by much enthusiasm and speech making. A bank president used the pick and a lawyer the shovel for the first cartload of dirt and it was dumped by another prominent citizen. The people are in great glee over the beginning of the grand enterprise. J. C. Rodemer is the best man that could have gotten the work and he deserves it.

—The Sam Jones meeting in Hopkinsville will be held in a large tobacco warehouse, which will be lighted with gas and arranged to seat more than 4,000 people. They need something like that down there [Times].

—Dr. Lansing Burrows has sent out ministers of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Mr. Guern's meeting at Wilmore in the last two weeks. Some of them will join others than the Presbyterian church.

—For the first time in thirty years the Kentucky Conference M. E. Church South will meet in Versailles this fall. September 9 has been fixed as the date.

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It appears that the white Baptists of the South have 570 associations; 14,102 churches; 997,500 members. The colored Baptists have 7,480 churches, with 871,043 members. Total Baptists in the South, 1,868,552. Baptisms for the year were 64,301 whites and 33,538 colored.

—LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—GRASS and Brier Scythes. T. R. Walton.

—FOR SALE.—18 2-year-old mules. For particulars address A. D. Root, Stanford.

—I want to buy 75 or 80 shoots of 100 to 125 lbs. W. H. Bartleson, Stanford.

—James Forsythe, of Mercer, sold to Israel Brown a lot of cattle at 5 cents per pound.

—John C. Clay sold to Geo. Becker, of Cincinnati, 30 head of 770 lbs. fat heifers for \$6.00 each.

—Choice country butter is quoted in Louisville at 8 to 10 cents. Best creamery only commands 20 cents.

—Jacob Jacoby, Sr., sold his crop of new wheat to T. I. & C. S. Brent, of Lexington, for 85 cents.—[Paris Kentuckian.]

—John A. Judy has purchased of H. S. Judy, 48 head of fine fat cattle at 5½ cents, to be shipped August 1st.—[Winchester Democrat.]

—Smith & Anderson, Danville, Ky., have a superior article of Fall seed wheat for sale. Only one year removed from the Northern seed.

—A Fayette county farmer has 140 acres of wheat which will average twenty-four bushels to the acre. He sows about one bushel of salt to the acre of wheat, and, even in years of general failure, has large yields.

—The Louisville cattle market is easy and trading light. Prices run from 1½ to 5 cents. Hogs are active and higher and are quoted at \$3 to \$4.

Sheep are slow and lambs quiet at 1½ to 3 for the former and 3½ to 4½ for the latter.

—GEORGETOWN COURT.—The weather was unpleasantly warm and the streets showed nothing of the usual Court day activity.

The mose of the cattle offered were withdrawn. This was due to the scare on account of the pleurisy pneumonia which, as claimed, has made its appearance in the county. One bunch of fat cattle sold at 4 cents per pound, and one bunch of heifers at \$17.45 per head. No mules on the market, and but few good horses.—[Times.]

—The experience of a Clark county farmer, C. D. Ecton, in an experiment with spring wheat is worthy of the attention of the agricultural community in this latitude. Mr. Ecton's winter wheat crop having failed, he sowed in its stead spring wheat. On that part of his farm where he used one to one and a half bushels per acre, his yield of spring wheat amounts to twenty-five to thirty-five bushels, and in the aggregate his eighty bushels of seed yield \$800 to 1,000 bushels.—[Courier Journal.]

THE later sow cucumbers will produce the most pickles as the crop is grown after the hottest weather has passed. Planted late, they also grow so rapidly that they evade the ravages of the striped bug.

## DРИPPING SPRINGS.

If you want to spend a pleasant day and eat a splendid dinner, go to Dripping Springs next Sunday, July 26th. A dinner will be set fit for a King.

D. G. SLAUGHTER.

Grand Public Picnic, August 1st.

The annual reports of the collectors of internal revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1885, show that there are 327 distilleries in the United States, as against 382 last year; but the 327 turn out in round numbers 164,000 gallons distilled spirits per diem, as against 158,000 gallons which the 382 produced per diem last year. It is an odd fact that there is now—apparently for the first time—a rum distillery outside Massachusetts. It was established at Covington, Ky., during the last fiscal year, and yields about 450 gallons per day.

The moonshiners of Sumner county, Tennessee, who recently murdered Deputy Marshal Miller, have reorganized to repel any raid by the United States marshal that may be made upon them.

Famous Peerless Traction Engine

At private sale, 20 per cent. off list, on reasonable terms. Must and will be sold. Guaranteed good as new. The purchaser finding the crops failed could not pay for it. Inquire of editor of this paper.

## MARRIAGES.

—William R. Daugherty and Miss Sarah Daugherty were married at Capt. William Daugherty's yesterday.

—At the St. Asaph yesterday afternoon in the presence of the guests of the hotel, Mr. John J. Moberly and Miss Emma Higginbotham were united in marriage by Eld. Jos. Ballou.

—MANY of our young gentlemen will remember Miss Janie Warder, the pretty young lady who spent last summer with the Misses Thurmond. Well, she was married at her home in Hiseville last week and is now Mrs. J. M. Stallworth, wife of the principal of the Normal School at Glassgow.

—RELIGIOUS.

—Mr. Barnes will learn with pleasure that a few of his faithful friends still meet once or twice a week at Mrs. Harris' and hold prayer meetings.

—Rev. H. C. Morrison has returned from Macksville, where he held a ten days' meeting without visible results so far as sinners are concerned.

—There were fifty additions at Dr. Guern's meeting at Wilmore in the last two weeks. Some of them will join others than the Presbyterian church.

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## POOR MA'M'SELLE!

[Frank Leslie's.]

She wore a butter-colored wig, and took her complexion out of a box; but, for all that, her friends did not consider her deceitful. They regarded the wig and the little patient blushes as part of the exigencies of her profession. Doubtless, they were right; doubtless, also, they were professionally correct in addressing the pitiful little being as Ma'm'selle, although she was the honest wife of a male creature of no possible value to this terrestrial ball, and seemingly neither good enough nor bad enough to be wanted in celestial or infernal regions.

Eliza, Mrs. Tommy O'Grady, or, as the bills on every barn and fence in Buchanan county had it, "Mademoiselle Desirée Elise Delafontaine," the noted soubrette and prima donna, lately from the capitals of Europe," was as full of unhappiness as her poor dwarfish little body and soul could hold. Her baby was dead. How many dreadful, dreary months ago she had lost him, God only knows; her remembrance seemed to grope back through an eternity of deprivation. How she had worked and dedicated herself and aspirèd for him! The fruition denied her stunted life she dreamt and hoped to find for him; and the little bud, alas! had been too tender even to blossom this side of the fields of light. She was thinking it all over for the ten-thousandth time one gusty Saturday night, as she sat in the screened-off corner of the little improvised theatre, waiting for her cue. The wind nared the name of the smoky lamps, and made them smokier still. The dialogue between the fætuous lover and the heavy father was evidently throwing the not-over-critical audience into ecstasies of delight. Sas wondered, in a kind of sluggish undercurrent to her retrospection, how people could laugh so! Poor little Ma'm'selle Desirée Elise Delafontaine, painted little doll of a soubrette, heart-famished little mother; woful parody on youth and light-heartedness; the angels must have wept the tears she dared not shed lest furrows be plowed in the stage-roses, and the little world waiting to be amused be disappointed by glimpses of the care-blanchèd cheek beneath! Pitiful, piti ful contrast between what she was and what she sought to appear!

She had the part of a farmer's daughter, and was dressed in accordance with the stage traditions of that insipid character. Her short white skirts were gay with red ribbons, her azure jacket was resplendent with tarnished tinsel, her pink stockings were very pink, her low-cut slippers exceedingly low-cut; from one arm swung a beehive hat, wreathed with buttercups and poppies; from the other a shining tin pail depended; in her meagre little hands was a huge bouquet of paper roses. Her life bore almost as slight a resemblance to that of a home-environmented, cherishing woman as the paper monstrosities in her hands did to the dawny splendor of the queen of flowers. Like Topsy, she never had any parents, she was allowed to grow by a stepmother—a questionable ornament to the neophyte profession. He taught her to stand on one foot and sing one couplet, while the other foot was drawn back and turned down, the toes touching the floor; to reverie the position and sing another couplet, to walk around in a circle and throw kisses while perpetrating a chorus. That was all. Naturally she drifted on to the stage; just as naturally, her foster-parent pocketed her salary, and eventually drank it.

By-and-by she fell in love with an apple-cheeked Irishman who was doing Romeo for provincial audiences. They married; Romeo collected the salary and drank it, and the world moved on pretty much the same to every one but the stepmother. In time, the demoralizing effect of the salary-grab made itself visible on Romeo's nose, and lost him forever the glory of causing tears to flow from the eyes of bucolic damsels. As a sequence, Ma'm'selle, already faded and worn, must needs work the harder; but, no matter, little Robin Adair, namesake of many encores, came to turn the problems of life in his dimpled hands, to smile away her cares, to be loved, worshipped, exulted over, to arouse a little manhood in the breast of Romeo. And now—

"Phyllis, you are called," snapped a ferret-faced youth.

She tripped out, singing "Oh, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!" in a high falsetto, and stopped at the footlights with the conventional giggle and simper intended to express maidenly coyne and surprise at sight of the clownish brute supposed to be enacting the rôle of gentleman. Her dry, vermillion-tinted lips parted in a smile, the actress forgot the woman, and, for two or three hours at least, like Tannoyen's Prince, accepted the shadow for the substance.

A blessed unrefined might always prevail for some of us! If we might always wrap ourselves in the stuff that dreams are made of! But, ay, do my how we walk and remember how willingly we bend our shoulders, for the old burdens, crown ourselves in all haste with the thorns that pierced us yesterday! Perverse, perverse children of men! dearer to our sick spirits are our own anguishes, pointing us heavenward, or scourging us earthward than another man's joy."

"I'm going to church," announced Ma'm'selle to the only other member of her company not engaged in sleeping off last night's fatigues.

"Don't," chucks led the tragedienne, in her most thrilling tones. "Church is only for nobobs and beggars—well, only for the nobobs really. Beggars are trailed in to give the nobobs a chance to show off and feel good."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Ma'm'selle.

"I don't think, I know, child! I was one of the pets of the mission-school when I was a ragged little old peddling matches. When I was older and had a place in the pantomime, my old friends forgot me. It hurt, I tell you, and made me mad, too!"

"A mission isn't church."

"Tain't egg-sackky the dog, but it's the dog's tail. I went to church, too, several times, when I'd a better suit than common, but there didn't seem to be any room for me. You've been a good friend to me and my kid, Ma'm'selle, and I mean well by you, so take my advice and stay where you're well thought of, and cut the churches, where they'll all despise you."

"I've made up my mind to go," said Ma'm'selle, slowly and stubbornly. "City churches must be different from those. There can't be any nabobs in a tumble-down place like this."

"All right! If you must, you must, I reckon. Go ahead, and don't forget what all the teachers and prompters dinged into us—roll up your eyes whenever the preachers cry 'Gawd or Heaven, and—hi! hear my young one squall! Guess he has rolled out of bed. See you later—ta ta!"

Ma'm'selle went loitering along the narrow, unpaved walks toward the little white church. She was not so pitiful an object in her rusty black cashmere as she was in her stage finery; she even caught a gleam of brightness from her surroundings. The air was crisp and clear; the sunlight glistened down through the thinning leaves of elm and maple, throwing a shadowy lace-pattern over all the ugly, irregular rows of white,

wooden houses; a few late flowers still bloomed in the scrappy front-yards.

"Want a 'zantam?" cooed a baby voice. A tiny tot, in all its Sunday bravery, was standing in an open gateway, and holding out a yellow chrysanthemum, snappèd close to the stem.

She took the proffered flower, and—she could not help it, the blue eyes were so like Roth's—stooped and kissed the donor. Blushing, she drew back when she looked up and caught the eye of the baby's mother.

"You have children?" said the fresh-complexioned young woman, not as a question, but as a conviction. By a divine instinct she knew the mother—

"I had one," said poor Ma'm'selle, putting up her hand, not over her eyes, but on her trembling lips.

In a sudden impulse of terror, the unborealed mother drew her child close to her side, as if Azrael had suddenly passed by.

"Some people were born for good luck," signed Ma'm'selle, with a wistful look at the little one; adding, after a pause, "I'm not one of them. Is this the way to the church?"

"Yes! Don't you see the steeples yonder?" the other made answer. Womanly curiosity got the better of discretion, and she asked, with a view of obtaining information of a personal nature, "Are you a professor?"

"No," said Ma'm'selle, with a timid and bewildered air, "I guess not." Teachers of music, elocution and ventriloquism, were the only professors with whom she was familiar, and she had a dim idea that her new acquaintance meant none of these. A bright thought struck her. "I'm not a professor, I'm a soubrette," she added, with a certain pride; "Ma'm'selle Desirée Elise Delafontaine. You'll have seen my name on the bills!"

A chill wind seemed to blow over the little group.

"I guess I must hurry" said the fresh-complexioned young woman, leading her child away. "Good-morning."

Ma'm'selle was terribly hurt. Her heart had so warmed to the stranger and her child that she had contemplated offering them complimentary tickets to the Monday's performance. As she stood twisting her fingers together and looking the picture of irresolution and distress, not knowing whether to return to the "hotel" or go on to church, the fresh-complexioned young woman looked back, and was moved with compassion for the dejected little waif. A pang went through the good, wholesome creature's solid tissues, as she thought of the man wounded on the way to Jericho. "I'm no better in a priest and wife," she thought, as she went quickly back to Ma'm'selle, and held out her hands as one would to a wayfaring child. "I don't care what your business is," she said, stoutly; "you're a good woman, I'll be bound. Come along with me!"

"You wouldn't mind?" queried Ma'm'selle, pleased, but doubtful.

"Law! no," said the young woman, blushing, but protesting with unnecessary vehemence. "Hero, Addy, take hold of my hand."

Ma'm'selle's eyes shone as the little velvet palm was confidingly clasped in hers.

The sermon was long, the benches hard, and high and narrow, but, all drawbacks considered, Ma'm'selle was less unhappy than she would have been had she taken the tragedienne's advice. The text was something about green pastures and still waters, and what followed depicted such a fair land peopled with a host that had suffered and sorrowed and striven this side the swelling flood! such meetings with the loved, not lost, when those that had sown in sadness and tears came one by one to the Land of the Reaping, as swelled Ma'm'selle's heavy heart almost to bursting! It was a commonplace discourse enough to the majority of the audience, but it was new and glad tidings to one that had thought herself forgotten of heaven.

The minister closed with an exhortation to keep close to the Shepherd of the green pastures, the Good Shepherd, that gave up His life for the sheep, and warned his hearers savagely against a certain historical lady geographically referred to as Babylon.

Ma'm'selle, in blissful ignorance of what those last high-sounding phrases meant, sat serenely till the close, but the fresh-complexioned young woman flushed hotly, partly from shame, partly from pity for the unconscious actress. Mora accustomed to the metaphors of pulpit oratory, she understood that the naughty old Chindian female was supposed to have Ma'm'selle's troupe in charge, and she writhed vicariously under the imputation.

Fortunately Ma'm'selle's life retired not only unscathed, but comforted by the doctrinal fashioner of motes and beams.

Sometimes a merciful God lets us build better than we know.

"Come again," whispered the fresh-complexioned young woman hospitably, as Ma'm'selle was slipping away after the benediction.

The little creature thanked her with a look, touched Addy's yellowcurls with her lip, and slipped away through the crowding-tiring villagers. In her own sphere she had assurance enough, but outside of it she was timid and lost. She was afraid almost to speak if there was no prompter hard by to correct mistakes and give the cues.

"It is not all of life to live,

"Nor all of death to die."

hummed Ma'm'selle, thinking of yesterday's hymns and sermon.

"No, I wish it was!" growled the manager.

"What the dickens we do to I don't know. Kate's boy is too sick to hold up his head, and we can't play 'East Lynne' without a child."

"If you could leave out the talk—" began Ma'm'selle, eagerly.

"Well!" cried the manager, impatiently, "what then?"

"I know of a daisy little girl," said Ma'm'selle, slowly; "but, maybe, her mother—"

"Oh, hang her mother!" exclaimed the manager, catching at the straw. "Produce the infant."

"She lives up the street a piece; I will show you," said Ma'm'selle, glad of a pretext to be near Addy again.

She knew, poor queen of shreds and patches, that her presence at church had not been an honor in the eyes of the villagers. She was afraid to call as a visitor—as an emissary she had a valid excuse.

"Come along, then, there's no time to be lost in searching the gaudron of one's hopes, the day-star of our—oh, pshaw! Come on!"

The fresh-complexioned young woman at first refused to entertain the thought of making a "play-actor" of her little one, but the manager's tongue ran glibly on the "high moral tone" of his entertainments; his bait was golden; he skilfully elicited a story of her poverty, and the "bad luck" of her crippled hand.

"Such an opportunity to earn something for the poor invalid," he said, persuasively, "and no hardship, no hard work, nothing for the little girl to do but walk around in the beautiful scenery and be admired."

"Ask him!" she exclaimed at last, throwing open a door and revealing a young mechanician, with his arm in bandages and his foot in a cast.

It was finally agreed that Addy should interpose her tiny self between her natural protectors and the wolf at the door; her mother should take her to and from the theatre, and have the privilege of standing behind the scenes as guard over her.

"I wouldn't allow it," protested the fresh-

wooden houses; a few late flowers still bloomed in the scrappy front-yards.

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